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## BAREFOOTED PROPERTY.

A question of bare foot and knicker-bockers is agitating the school circles of Pittsburgh, Mass. It was brought up by a female teacher who sent home a small, bare-legged boy on a hot day. She objected to the length of exposure between points where the boy left the ground and where his brief divided garment began. The boy's father made some stir over the matter, and the School Committee took it up.

Since then New England's eloquence and New England's primness have waged wordy war, and much seems destined to hang on the issue. A committee man who had not forgotten the comort of his own barefooted days argued, almost with tears, against the teacher's too severe ideas of propriety. He quoted with effect the words of the good old Quaker poet:

I was once a barefoot boy.

But he didn't quite carry the day. The question went to the Visiting Committee, and pending their decision the boy goes into stockings. The case takes rank at once with that of the Brooklyn School Commissioner who not long ago proposed to revise Loxotone's "Launching of the Ship" in the interests of morality. The world holds its breath while great minds grapple with issues such as these.

An Italian immigrant returned conscience-stricken to the Barge Office yesterday to confess that he once spent two months in a Roman jail for fighting. But his blows were in defense of his honor. The spectacle of honest valor thus presented was too much for Col. Wrenn, and the Roman will not be sent back.

The determination to enforce the ordinance requiring a roof over the Polo Grounds bleachers followed closely upon the shutting out of the Giants in the first Brooklyn game. Did the municipal authorities think, just then, that the New York bleacher might better put its partisanship under cover?

A Jersey tramp snatched at a diamond necklace on a woman's neck. She was a professional strong woman on a vacation, and the tramp is now covered with bruises, limpet and humiliation. The woman said she was sorry for his aches, but was glad of the chance for a little gentle exercise to improve her circulation.

Latest advices from portions of the Celestial Empire seem to indicate the prevalence of a sentiment that everything not Chinese must go. Missionaries are having a turbulent time.

SO BARDENSON WAS, like WANAMAKER, "only a depositor." His experience goes to show that a man cannot be too careful whose money he deposits and what he does with the interest.

It will be a day of radical reform when all lawyers are made to attend as faithfully to the interests of the courts of justice as many of them do now to their own chances for fees.

If they please, his name is Mr. Hutchinson, and he will be obliged if they will drop the familiar "Old Hutch." This is the latest call on "Change from the old man of Chicago."

The Montgomery Guards, of Boston, are being royally entertained by the Mon-tan authorities. This is a sort of reciprocity that diplomatic correspondence cannot delay.

Boulder Molony demands salary for time spent in Canada keeping out of reach of the law. New York citizens would not object to paying his board at Sing Sing.

Think of how much good a dollar may do for some little unfortunate in a drug tenement, and then contribute it to the Nick Babies' Fund.

The Queen of Hawaii has, after all, succeeded in sailing all around her Islands without being kidnapped.

A good deal of a wild time has grown out of Philadelphia's Keystone Bank.

Yale lost the toss, but says that's a master a long way from losing the race.

From all appearances the New Orleans jury was not bribed.

That was a finely tempered breeze this morning.

## SPOTLIGHT.

The O'Gorman Mahon was a fire-eater. Recently was the number of his dead. He seemed to do well under fire.

Adam Farnsworth, like his pa before him, is a great chessman. He is not attached to the meager part, but to the ring.

Sixty and Mitchell's "Poor Moors and Gees" are a foreign shore.

"I give our all for her sweet sake,

Her love, my dearest, is the strength to make

A millionaires of me."—Brooklyn Daily.

The Mills between McRorie and Campbell are to be bought on a Parker bid. How they will hang out each other.

Necessity knows no law, and can't afford to lose a lawyer.

"Buffalo never stops at the Windor when in town." Unlike Boxes, he cannot ride the wind.

The report that Porter had resigned doesn't count. Most people wish he hadn't, either.

## SEND IN THE DIMES.

Swell the Fund for Sending Free Doctors Among the Poor Babes.

The Little Tots Suffer Greatly in Hot Weather.

You Can Help Save Their Lives with a Small Sum.

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R. H. W.	.....1.00
Frank McLoughney	.....0.50

## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The ladies' skirts now so popular have opened a new field of industry for starving struggling seamstresses, whether the manufacturer of \$1 per dozen. There is "no finishing," the advertisements read, all the work being done on the machine. If this is the result of McHugh's influence, that humanitarian and reformer has much to answer for.

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The Webbed College girls were the ugliest ever designed by a tailor. They are made of stout leather, with full soles, the same width at toe and heel, of two tons, and long English tamps. They are unmade, cost \$10 a pair and last two terms.

The heavy brained ladies walk and run in them, play tennis, ride tricycles, eat and study in them and wear them in the gymnasium.

Jersey bodies have opened out a new field of industry, namely, well-setting bodies to be bought at the drapers, which seem to be capable adapting themselves to almost any figure. At the present moment the shop has some pretty red silk ones, which serve for tea jackets. They are tucked perpendicular with fine ruffles about the neck, and some of the blouses have red ruffs, while the white are trimmed with gold.

Good curios always command good prices. The late Lady Rosebery was one of the most discriminating and enthusiastic lady collectors in England. The Marchioness of Lorne delighted in artistic fibulas, her sister, Princess Beatrice, in silver knickknacks and the Princess of Wales in historical fabrics.

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It is a question of whether the white is more pleasant.

As a fat, good-natured looking man was crossing the City Hall Park last evening he was accused by a man who began:

"Sir, you don't know how it grinds me to be compelled to ask for charity from a perfect stranger, but under the circumstances I am obliged."

"This is very unpleasant, sir—very unpleasant," interrupted the other.

"You are the same man who told me the same story two weeks ago."

"Are you?"

"Certainly. You told it to me two weeks ago and I gave you a dime. You told it to me again about a week ago and I gave you a nickel. It is very unpleasant to discover that I have been victimized."

"Oh, but you haven't, sir."

"But you are asking me for more money."

"Yes, but I simply made a mistake. You are the fat man with a bald head. I was looking for the fat man with a cane. It's a case of mistaken identity. If I'd known it was you I should have had a different story."

"Ah—yes. Well, here's a dime. You don't attempt to deceive the public. It's very unpleasant to be deceived—very unpleasant."

M. QUAD.

## THE CLEANER.

A particularly rugged tramp was dawdling in a shabby open shop on the steps of a large warehouse on Mercer street yesterday when some boys who had been on an upper floor of the building, and the roof and well above the ankles black. The plan is approved of on the score of cleanliness, but it has a very hygienic appearance; however, it is supposed that the white is invisible.

Two years ago, for economy's sake, black silk stockings were made with white cotton tops, heels and the upper portion of the leg, the root and well above the ankles black. The plan is approved of on the score of cleanliness, but it has a very hygienic appearance; however, it is supposed that the white is invisible.

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Already many stores have put on their floral decorations, and shop windows are filled with strawberries, topazes, and emeralds in clusters, while the small boy gaves the glass with glowing eyes and flushed cheeks.

Frenchy has very high cheek bones, and emerald green eyes, close together over a prominent nose so that curves gradually upwards over a very small and caged black mustache.

A full beard, crinkled and black, grown in a single night, and a weak chin square jaws and a vicious mouth.

Frenchy has been in constant touch with the Atlantic Highlands, and to be generally recuperating the fact is that he is a great favorite.

Frenchy is a thin, waddling, haggard and half-nourished boy, though he crept along in a room at night.

He had been strangled to death; her abdomen had been ripped open, and a portion of the skin removed.

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